

No man is in business for himself if he is married.

According to the common definition, graft is high finance on a small scale.

A schoolgirl never graduates until she has learned to stab pickles with a hairpin.

Wise is the young man who doesn't have his fiancée's name engraved in the ring.

Opinions should be formed with great caution and changed with still greater caution.

Surely there must be some way to prevent railroad accidents. Isn't it time for an improvement?

The asbestos curtains in use need not be thrown away. Cut into small bundles, they might be used in kindling in fires.

After all there is no patent breakfast food that is better than bacon and eggs and buckwheat cakes, although some are more extensively advertised.

The average Russian peasant has a vocabulary of only 110 words. It is surprising that a man can sneeze or clear his throat in 110 different ways.

President Palma has vetoed Cuba's lottery bill. It looks very much as if Cuba's first President might make a record for his descendants to be proud of.

Spain has declined to make an exhibit at the St. Louis World's Fair because she does not like this country, and for the further reason that she has not the price.

The minister to Korea complains because his silk hat touches the eaves of the legation building when he stands on the steps. Evidently what the minister needs is an opera hat.

An Arizona man committed suicide a few days ago because he couldn't get his salary raised from \$9,000 to \$12,000 a year. We know quite a lot of people who would be willing to take \$9,000 a year each and live even in Arizona.

There is consternation among government clerks at Washington because they will in future be required to work seven hours a day, with only two months' leave on full pay per annum. As a taskmaster Uncle Sam is getting to be just too horrid for anything.

The roof of the cathedral at Toledo—in Spain, not Ohio—fell recently. The accident was due, not to skimped and hasty work by a speculative contractor, but to old age. The building was begun in the thirteenth century, and was not finished for two hundred and sixty-five years, in the year America was discovered.

Surely it is wise for the giver to look a gift horse in the mouth. A western Congressman's wife made an appeal to her neighbors in Washington on behalf of her minister at home, who had asked her for winter clothes; the poor people of the cold northwestern parish were suffering. One warm-hearted Washington lady sent a bundle the next day. It contained two beautiful silk petticoats, a pink chiffon theater waist, and a tan-colored riding habit.

War has its episodes no less romantic than those of peace, as a sentimental Milton might have said. One of them is disclosed in the search of a Cuban soldier for the American nurse who cared for him in the hospital at Santiago. She would not give her name to him, but told him that he would hear from her after the war. He has been waiting for word from her, and is now in this country, searching with nothing to aid him save her photograph and the knowledge that her family objected to her service as an army nurse.

We hear of rural counties charged with the cost of keeping a considerable number of vagrants who are not even the poor of those sections. They are able-bodied, they go there to be supported for the winter, and yet no one has enterprise enough to suggest the obvious course of making them work while they are living at the public expense. Nothing would be easier than to provide them with work if there was active and efficient administration. They could be made to saw wood, shovel snow, clean streets or a dozen other things. It is a perfectly safe assertion that if such work were provided the tramps would speedily find other places to spend the winter.

The settlement of the troublesome question of the friars' lands in the Philippines gives to the United States the title to nearly all of the real property of the religious orders in the islands. In return, the United States pays the friars seven and a quarter million dollars. The work of the church, and, indeed, of the religious associations, will go on as before, so far as the spiritual and social side of it is concerned, but the orders cease to be landlords. The government, on the other hand, acquires an opportunity of great value. The possession of four hundred thousand acres of the richest and most valuable land in the islands gives the means to carry out the plan of establishing a class of small landowners, secure in their possession and devoted to the maintenance and development of American principles.

"Nowadays we read too much, as we eat too much; the memory, like the digestion, is weakened by surfeit." These words are taken from a recent biography of Whittier. The author shows how meager in quantity was the intellectual diet of the poet in boyhood. The Bible, "Pilgrim's Progress," and a few of the romances which formed the Quaker library of his parents

boyhood which produced such men as Whittier and those in which the youth of our day are nurtured is frequently pointed out—to the disadvantage of the present. It is the fashion to bewail the multiplication of books and magazines. Because one person or another tries to read them all and fails, or meets with that success which turns his mind into a scrap-bag riddled with holes, it is argued that modern conditions are all wrong, and that "civilization" should turn back to earlier ways. It is a plausible cry, but it is quite convincing. The world is full of a number of things which did not exist a hundred years ago. Moreover, its population has enormously increased—which is to say that where there was formerly one boy or girl looking for knowledge, there are now hundreds of similar seekers. Therefore the agencies of knowledge have inevitably been wonderfully increased. But must the individual inevitably be bewildered? That there is no more of a cat than his skin is a homely statement of unchanging truth. The human mind is still the human mind. Not even a Bacon can presume in our days to take all knowledge for his province. Out of every thousand printed pages there may possibly be one or two for any given person. The teacher—of another and of himself—must learn to discriminate. The wise man will rejoice in every new road to learning, but, after treading the few paths proved the best by the wisdom of the ages, will enter those new roads only which are meant for him.

A youth and a girl were married not long ago. They promised to love, cherish and obey—all the things that are a part of a regular marriage service and mean much or little, as the case may be. The man and woman were strangers. They met on the day of their marriage. The courtship was a matter of correspondence, and the correspondence was the sequel to a wager made by the youth with his college chum. Why will men and women trifle with matrimony? They wouldn't invest \$100 in a gold watch without a thorough investigation. They would ask for a guarantee. They would be certain that what looked like gold was not brass. They would consult an expert. They would be sure that the timepiece was a real bargain. And yet a man will wed a woman of whom he knows no more than that her face is pleasing, her figure well molded. Very often he is sorry. Very often the home becomes a section of hades. There is vituperation and scolding; nagging that drives a weak man to drink; and love—why, husband and wife discover that there never was any love, even in the beginning. And it is worse for the woman. When she marries she burns her bridges behind her. She gives her future to a man. She is helpless. She is entitled to consideration, tender affection, sympathy, thorough understanding. You see she gives up much more than a man has to give when she marries. What chance has she when she weds a stranger? Surely an alliance for life is of more importance than the purchase of a watch, or a horse, or a dog, or any material thing. And when you read of a sudden marriage in which romance and folly are mixed, you wonder about the parents; why they couldn't care enough about their girl to warn her, advise her, prevent her from taking a step that spells ruin nine times in ten. The man who is entitled to a good wife should be his life and court inspection. The woman who is worth having is also worth winning in the old-fashioned way. It takes time, and it makes happiness.

**The Vernacular.**  
This was the conversation between the girl with the gum in her mouth and the other girl with the gum in her mouth:  
"Alma hungry?"  
"Yes."  
"So my. Less go neet."  
"Where?"  
"Sleep go one place nuther."  
"So dy. Ika neet mo stennyware. Canchoo?"  
"Yeh. Gotcher money?"  
"Yeh."  
"So yv. Gotcher aptie?"  
"Yeh. Gotchoos?"  
"Yeh. Howbout place crossroad?"  
"Nothin' teer there. Lessground corner."  
"Thattledoo zwell zennyware. Mighta thought that first. Gotcher hat."  
"Ima gettin it. Gotcher money?"  
"Yeh. Didn'tcher me say I had it? Already?"  
"Yeh."  
"K'mon."

**Making German Toys.**  
More than 50,000 people find employment in the manufacture of German toys, the annual output for export being valued at more than \$13,000,000. The manufacturing industry has centered chiefly in Nuremberg and Sonneberg and the surrounding hamlets. The manufacture of toys has become important as a domestic or house industry among the people of many small villages. Each city has its specialty, and never figures as a rival to another district. The products of Nuremberg are principally of metal—in soldiers, swords, railway trains, fleets, models of machinery and other toys for boys—while Sonneberg uses almost exclusively wood, porcelain, glass and paper in the production of toys best suited to girls.

**How Could It Be a Mistake?**  
What a woman doesn't know about newspapers isn't worth knowing. The other morning Mrs. B. was talking to her husband.  
"I notice in the Daily Hoodoo that Mr. Binkins died on Sunday."  
"It's a mistake, my dear," replied the husband. "He died on Monday."  
"But the paper said Sunday."  
"I know it, but it was an error in the print."  
"I thought so, too, at first, but I got half a dozen copies of the paper, and it was the same in all of them. They certainly couldn't have made the mistake over and over again."  
The husband tried to convince her, but it was no use, and he gave it up.

Any man who smiles when he pays his taxes is a fool, and any man who

# EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

**Matrimony and Dyspepsia.**  
It is not good for man or woman to eat alone. Thus medical authority has spoken for years. The solitary diner out, having no company before him, other than his food, swallows it improperly masticated, hurries one course upon another before the stomach can properly adjust itself to the conditions that tax it, and acquires a dyspepsia that distress him severely and makes life a blue print.

The increase in dyspepsia and kindred ailments, so one who has been gathering information asserts, is largely due to the independence manifested by both sexes regarding matrimony. In other words, were there fewer bachelors and bachelor maidens there would be less demand for tonics to brace up an impaired digestion.

In spite of the orthodox joke about the young wife ruining her husband's digestive apparatus by her attempts at cookery, it is established that there are, in reality, much fewer cases of dyspepsia among the wedded than among those who choose to remain single.

**Farming a Great Industry.**  
The annual report of the Secretary of Agriculture shows that farming is still the chief business of the people of the United States. Fast as our other industries have grown, especially within recent years, agriculture still far surpasses any of them in the amount of its capital, in the value of its products and in the number of people engaged in it.

We have been boasting of the rapidity with which our exports of manufactured goods have increased, of our "conquests of the markets of the world," but Secretary Wilson shows that the balance of trade in all products except those of agriculture ran against us \$865,000,000 during the last fourteen years. The balance of trade in agricultural products was \$4,806,000,000 in our favor, however, so that the total balance in our favor, thanks to the farmer, was \$3,940,000,000. While we have not been able to turn out, or at least, have not turned out—enough of other commodities to supply our wants, we have raised enough farm produce not only to meet our own demands, but to feed a large part of the rest of the world; and the agricultural lands of the country still possess large resources that have never been exploited. In the course of time the country's industrial population no doubt will become so great as to consume all the food that the land can be forced to produce.—Kansas City Journal.

**English as the World's Language.**  
HERE is a significance, more important and far-reaching than appears on the surface, in the announcement that the English language is to be the medium employed in the arbitration of the Venezuelan dispute at The Hague court. It has so long been the custom, still very generally in vogue, for such exchanges to be carried on in French that French has become recognized as the diplomatic tongue, the language to be observed in international courts and in the interchange of communications between nations. The first radical departure from this rule was in 1880, when English was used in the international parliament that settled the Samoan dispute between England, Germany, and the United States.

The growth of the United States as a world power has

## BATTILING WITH AN ANCHOR.

To hoist to the cat-head an anchor weighing eight thousand pounds, with a gale of wind blowing and a tremendous sea rising, is a difficult task. The New York Sun tells how this work was undertaken on a warship in Hampton Roads. In order to raise the anchor to the deck of the ship the hundred-pound cat-block had to be fastened by the huge hook which depended from it to the ring in the balancing band on the anchor shank so that the power of the winch could be utilized.

The great anchor hung so that when the water receded it was clear of the water, but each incoming cross-buzzed it several feet. As the ship tossed on the waves there was great danger that the enormous weight of the anchor would send the ship through her thin plating. But with seas big enough to toss the ship about as easily as if she were a fishing boat, and to swing that anchor back and forth like the pendulum of a toy clock, it was no child's game to hook the cat-block.

Two men were chosen, each a fine specimen of the American sailor, just under the arms of each a line was made fast, and men on deck stood ready to haul away in case of need.

The two sailors watched their chance, and when the ship's head was well out of water, over they went. They had hardly reached the anchor when a wave rolled in that surged four feet above their heads. When it passed both were clinging almost breathlessly to the shank of the anchor.

But the instant they were clear of water they jumped to their work and strove to get the block in place. With the ship heaving one way and the wind blowing another there was small chance for them to drag that hundred-pound block in still a third way. Again and again they had it almost fastened, when a great wave knocked it away and hurled them far out of sight. Still the two men struggled at their task.

Then the inevitable happened. The great cat-block swung far out as the ship plunged forward, hung poised an instant, as if taking deliberate aim, and came sweeping back straight at the head of one of the two men. It

undoubtedly had a greater influence, its step toward making English the universal language than any other cause. This nation is now an interested party in any disputes that may arise in the Pacific. She has her interests in China, by reason of the united action of the Powers during the Boxer revolt, and her position as arbitrator and peace preserver in South America has become more prominent with the development of that continent and its American continent. Russia, it is true, has a larger population than the United States and Great Britain combined, but millions of her citizens do not speak the Russian language. Aside from other considerations, there is a force and directness to plain English that are not found in any other tongue, and international relations are now such that plain, direct, concise terms are needed to avoid complications. The adoption of English as the diplomatic language is but a natural step in the right direction.—Washington Post.

## How We Catch Colds.

THE London Hospital, a medical magazine, maintains that colds are caught, the colds that have nasal catarrh for their chief symptom, in the same way that other infectious diseases are caught, by the lodgment of a germ. The character of the germ is not specified. This is no new discovery or theory. Knowing persons have long been careful about exposing themselves to infection by persons who have a cold, lest they "catch" it. The old notion that a cold is result of exposure to draught or to cold air, or of getting the feet wet, has been abandoned, although it is true that one may get a chill in that way which will afford some of the symptoms and sensations of the nasal catarrh caused by a noxious germ. It is safer to avoid close contact, and all unnecessary contact, with a person who has this cold. A horse that has been wintered out often catches a cold upon being brought into the stable in the spring. Experiments with disinfectants have shown that it is not the warmth of the stable that induces the cold. Arctic voyagers are commonly free of colds until their return to a community where they prevail. In the small rocky island of St. Kilda, one of the Western Hebrides, Scotland, colds are unknown except when it is visited by some vessel, and it is said that the inhabitants can distinguish between the different kinds of colds brought by different ships. There is much similar evidence relating to the subject, and the Hospital declares that "some source of infection must be present before it is possible to catch cold." What appears to be needed is a specific germicide which may be used either for prevention or cure.—Boston Herald.

## Fuel from the Marshes.

A series of experiments has lately been conducted under the auspices of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, into the fuel value of marsh mud. Now the announcement is made that this material contains the elements of coal to an equal if not greater amount than peat. The fact is well known that the mud bogs of Holland, of some parts of Germany, and yet more of Russia, are being worked commercially on an extensive scale for the supply of what is in fact artificial coal, resembling it in appearance, in specific gravity, in heat units and in effective service. In this country, Mr. Edward Atkinson says, we may be justified in considering it proved that New England and many other sections, distant from coal mines, are in possession of material that can be converted into domestic fuel at lower cost than any coal can be secured, and in many respects of better quality for cooking and other domestic purposes. It is also available for gas production; also for conversion into coke at lower cost and of purer quality than any other fuel that can be obtained in New England. Mr. Atkinson considers the secret of conversion to be solved; and he also asks this question: "May it not be possible that the Irish peasants who have been converting the turf of their hill slopes into domestic fuel for generations have taught the scientists a lesson in heat and power which they had wholly overlooked?" As long as New England cannot have natural gas, she may find "mud coal" from the marshes a good substitute.—Buffalo Commercial.

and knocked him ten feet from the anchor into the sea.  
The rush of an incoming wave swept him away from the ship, and for a moment it seemed as if he would surely be lost. Then was justified the wisdom which had placed the line about his shoulders. The men on deck drew him in, unconscious but safe, and in ten minutes he was declaring to the officer in charge that he could surely hook that cat-block next time.

But the captain had formed another plan. He determined to haul up the anchor as far as was possible, so that it should have the smallest room for play, and to make harbor. Just at midnight she reached quiet waters, and once more the unruly anchor was let go again.

## WAS THIS MAN HONORABLE?

**Tried to Beat an Express Company, but Lost by the Transaction.**

Now that the Mary and Ann problem has been disposed of let me tell of an actual case which came within my knowledge several years ago, says the Brooklyn Eagle. These were the facts: A wealthy and close-fisted banker in a certain Illinois city was accustomed to sending currency by express to his correspondent bank in Chicago. Somehow the express agent got a suspicion that the banker was saving expressage by sending larger sums than he pretended, so one day when the banker brought in a package which he said contained \$5,000 the agent gave him a receipt as usual for that amount, and later in his private office opened the package and found that it contained \$10,000. Without saying a word to anybody the agent hid the package away in his safe and awaited developments. In a few days the banker came in to say that the Chicago bank had not received the package.

"Very well," said the agent. "I will send out a tracer for it."  
A few days later he told the banker that the package must have been lost in transit, so he counted out \$5,000 and handed it over to him.

Now, the agent fully expected the banker to object to a settlement on a \$5,000 basis and was prepared to tell him that when he paid double expressage on all the packages he had sent in the past the remainder of the \$10,000 would be returned to him. But the banker preferred to lose the money rather than confess his dishonest method. He accepted the \$5,000 and signed a regular release. Indignation

## Why He Called Her Peggy.

"I thought your wife's name was Elizabeth."  
"So it is."  
"Then why do you call her Peggy?"  
"Short for Pegassa."  
"Why, Pegassa is feminine for Pegasus."  
"Well."  
"Well, Pegasus is an immortal steed."  
"What of that?"  
"Sh! Not so loud. She's in the next room. You see, an immortal steed is an everlasting nag, and there you are."

**LOVE'S SP**  
My heart was wint  
I heard you sing:  
O voice of Love, hus  
My life with Spring  
My hopes were home  
I saw your eyes;  
O smile of Love, clos  
To paradise!  
My dreams were bitt  
I found them bliss:  
O lips of Love, give m  
Your rose to kiss!  
Springtime of love! The s  
Is ours alone:  
O heart of Love, at last you  
Against my own!

—Century.

## THE HUMBLER PRIMA DONNA

THE prima donna opened her eyes to the gray light of a November morning. Her first sense was one of deep gratitude that her alternate was to sing that evening, and she lay luxuriantly in the thought until a girl came in from an adjoining room with the morning newspaper.

"Let in a little more light, will you, dear?" And she read:  
The sumptuous diva looked queerly, and was at her best vocal. Her opulent charms—  
The prima donna crushed the paper and sighed heavily. "How hideous, the daily and nightly grind, and then reporters writing impertinent things about one's figure! Chum!"

"Well?"  
"I shall never marry."  
"I have heard you say you were done with youthful follies."  
"I am wedded to my thankless profession, but if I were inclined to make a fool of myself, I should do it to advantage, and annex a nice bald-headed, coupon-cutting bondholder who should spend most of his time at his club. I could never marry a penniless young enthusiast with hopeless ideals for me to strain up to—"

"A young surgical person, for instance, who devoted all his energies to amputating the limbs of the indigent without money and without price," put in the girl innocently. "Certainly not. By the way, who was at the supper to-night?"  
"Oh, Mme. Bartoli, Claude, and Ramsay."  
"And the doctor?"  
"The doctor was telephoned for—an emergency case. I believe." The

prima donna's voice sounded cold. "I am too ill to see anyone this morning," she added, and gave herself up to the ostentatious reading of a political leader.

The breakfast tray was brought in, and the girl busied herself with the coffee service while the prima donna read her letters. Over one she mused a long time.  
"Chum, I ought to go see Fleur-ette. I promised, you know. Do you remember how she cried that morning they took her away? One goes out on an absurd train which leaves at noon."

She looked up vaguely at the clock on the mantel. "And one gets off at an impossible station and walks a mile, more or less, to the farmhouse. Dear me! Really, I am too good natured. I shall not go to-day. I am sure it is wretched out, and I shall take cold or something and hurt my voice."

She placed her tapering fingers on her beautiful throat and essayed a run. It ended in a croak, at which she shook her head mournfully and glanced at the girl; but the girl was writing a letter, and her back refused sympathy, so the prima donna presently arose and found refuge in the compensations of the toilet. This process was not completed before a bell boy brought up a card.

"It is the doctor," said the girl carelessly. "But as you are feeling so ill, I'll just do down and make your excuses."

The prima donna flushed. "Ask him to wait. On the second thought, I will go down myself."  
The young man, who had been looking out of the parlor window, turned quickly as he heard a light step. "How is the throat this morning? Surely you are not going out on such a day?"

"I am going to the wilderness to see a poor child who is ill."  
The doctor frowned. "Why not send grapes and oranges?"  
"The child loves me," said the prima donna. "I cannot send grapes and oranges. I must go myself."  
"Very well. I'll call a cab. As your medical adviser, I must beg leave to accompany you."

They bought fruit and violets and a white and yellow puppy, which a man on the curbstone happened to offer to the prima donna at a ridiculously low price. She cuddled it in her arms and talked foolishly to it all the way to the station.

The train rumbled along slowly, making frequent stops. The prima donna sat on a distressing plush seat beside a corpulent woman with a market basket, and gazed out at dreary suburbs. The doctor sat in the baggage car and held the white and yellow dog.

The girl at the house redoubled her fire and lit the gas. A moment after, she heard the prima donna's key in the door. She went to meet her and manifested her regret. Her friend was panting and wore an April face, and the girl suddenly exclaimed:  
"Darling! Not really?"

"He is so strong—and dear. Of course I'm a fool, and it's all preposterous and romantic and Arcadian, and too good to be true in this working day world; but—" And the prima donna dimpled and smiled and wept again.

"Since you are bent on making a fool of yourself, you could do it to much better advantage, you know," the girl reminded her, laughing and crying in sympathy. —New York News.

## An Irreparable Loss.

"Have you heard the latest? Brown's wife has run off with his chauffeur."  
"Mercy, what a pity! He was such a good chauffeur! Brown will never be able to replace him."—Smart Set.  
A woman cares not where a man hails from if she is permitted to reign.  
Many a man who claims to be